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THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI.

MASTER OF KUNG FU

GANG WAR!



ZECK
+ DAY



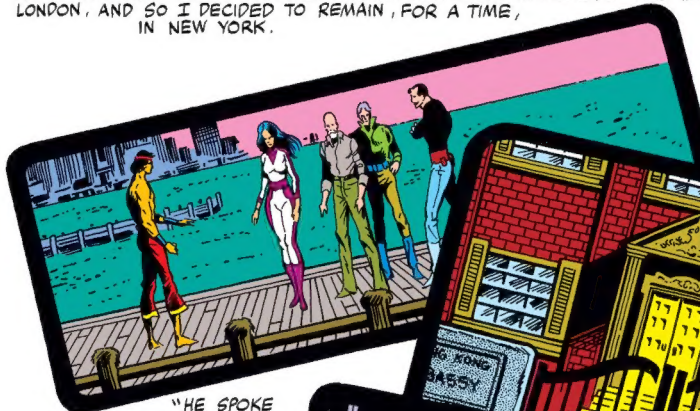
"Call me Shang-Chi, as my *father* did, when he raised me in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. Since then, I have learned that my father is Dr. Fu Manchu, the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to *honor* him would bring nothing but *dishonor* to the spirit of my name.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: MASTER OF KUNG FU!®

Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

TRIUMPHS OF THE SPIRIT

"THE FAREWELL ON THE DOCKS WAS CONFUSED, FRAGMENTED, AND VERY NEARLY DEFEATED BY EMOTION. BUT AFTER THE FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH MY FATHER FU MANCHU, IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO RETURN TO LONDON, AND SO I DECIDED TO REMAIN, FOR A TIME, IN NEW YORK.



"LEIKO JOINED ME. TOGETHER, WE SOUGHT REFUGE AT THE HONG KONG EMBASSY, WHERE HER BROTHER SERVES AS AMBASSADOR.

"HE SPOKE OF RACIALLY DIVIDED GANGS AND VICIOUS VIOLENCE CLAIMING THE YOUTH OF OLD CHINATOWN. HIS WORDS WERE... UNSETTLING.

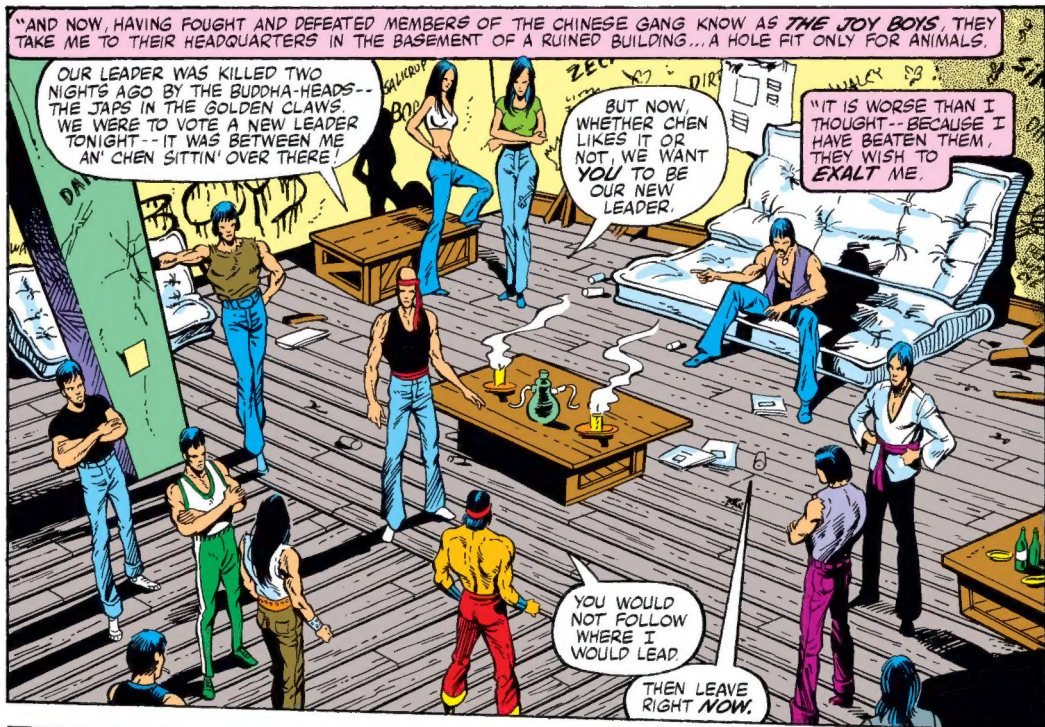


"UNDER THE MANTLE OF A NIGHT SWORN AGAINST SLEEP I VENTURED THERE, ALONE, SEEKING THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER...



"... AND SOON LEARNED THAT DAVID WU SPOKE IT WELL.

DOUG MOENCH / MIKE ZECK / GENE DAY / JIM NOVAK / BOB SHAREN / JIM SALICRUP / JIM SHOOTER
WRITER / ARTIST / INKER / LETTERER / COLORIST / EDITOR / EDITOR-IN-CHIEF





"ALONE IN THE ALLEY, I CANNOT THINK, IT MOVES TOO FAST, GETTING WORSE BY THE MOMENT..."



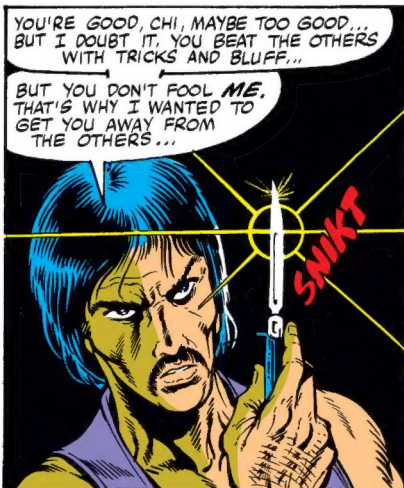
"I MUST STOP THEM BEFORE THEY ENTER THE GUN SHOP, BUT HOW?-- WITHOUT ENDING THEIR TRUST IN ME OR--"

"WAIT--!"



"A SOUND-- BEHIND ME!"

CHEN--!



YOU'RE GOOD, CHI, MAYBE TOO GOOD... BUT I DOUBT IT, YOU BEAT THE OTHERS WITH TRICKS AND BLUFF...

BUT YOU DON'T FOOL ME. THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO GET YOU AWAY FROM THE OTHERS...

SMOKE



"HE LUNGES SO AWKWARDLY THAT I DO NOT TRY TO FOOL HIM."

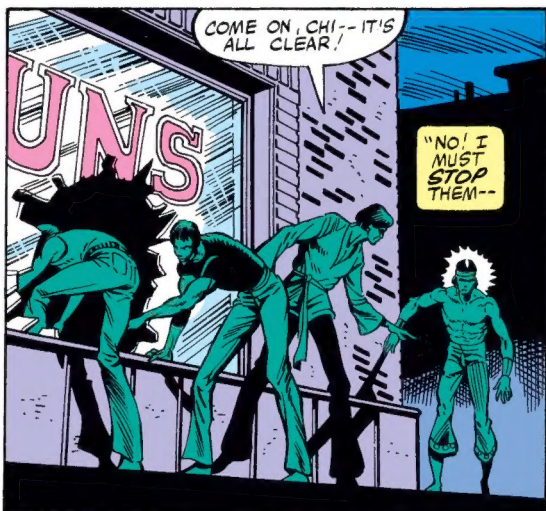
"MY MOVE IS OPEN, DIRECT, AND--"

CHUMP



KEESH

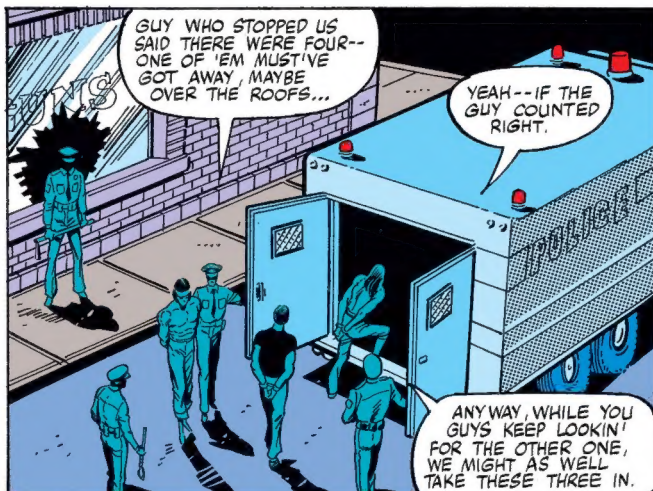
"THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS--!"

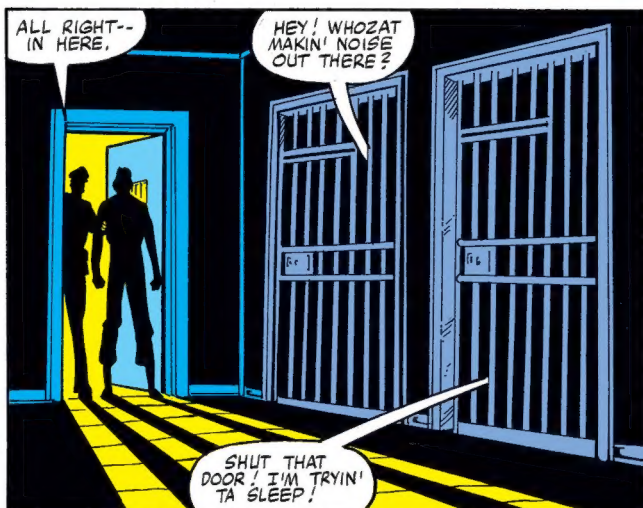


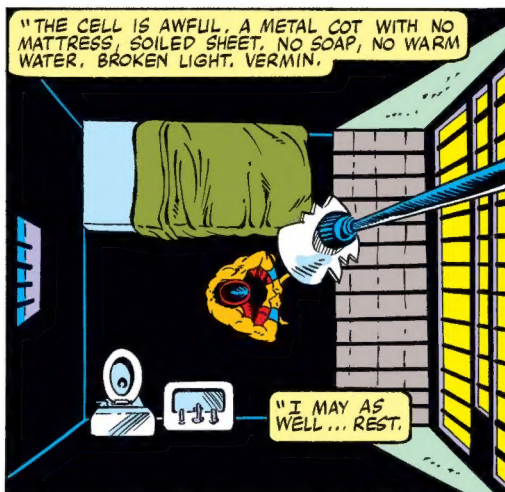
COME ON, CHI-- IT'S ALL CLEAR!

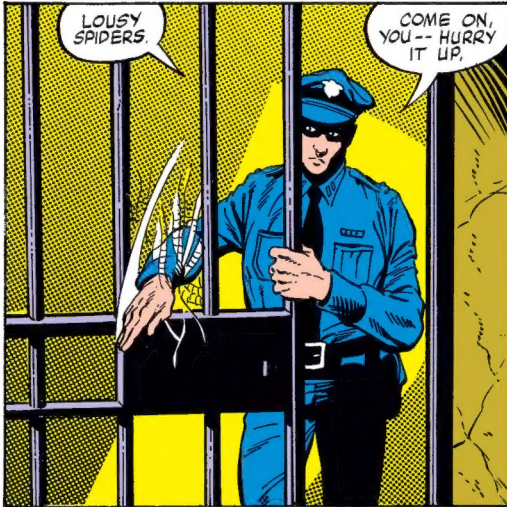
"NO! I MUST STOP THEM--"











LOUSY SPIDERS

COME ON, YOU-- HURRY IT UP.



"THAT WHICH COULD HAVE BECOME A NIGHTMARE, BUT WHICH WAS NOT PERMITTED TO BEGIN, NOW ENDS. THE AIR IS SUDDENLY SWEET WITH THE SCENT OF FREEDOM. IT IS LEIKO AND HER BROTHER DAVID..."

OH SHANG! I WAS SO WORRIED! I CALLED EVERYWHERE! IT TOOK US ALL NIGHT TO LOCATE YOU!

ARE YOU WELL, SHANG?

FINE NOW, DAVID.



ALL RIGHT, YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY VALUABLES, BUT HERE'S YOUR RELEASE FORM. YOUR BOND'LL BE PROCESSED AND REFUNDED. ALL CHARGES ARE BEING DROPPED.

DROPPED?

WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE INFILTRATING THE GANG. NOW THAT WE DO KNOW IT, WE DON'T LIKE IT ANY MORE THAN BEFORE.

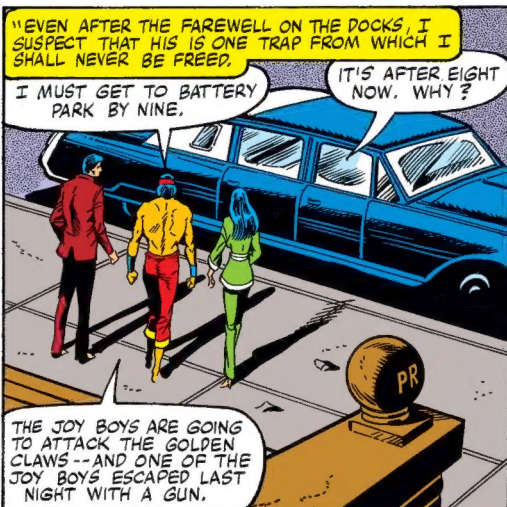


BUT IT SAYS HERE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR... UH, INCONVENIENCE.

WHAT--

I... I PHONED LONDON, SHANG. NAYLAND SMITH CALLED A FAVOR OWED BY SOMEONE IN THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

"SMITH AGAIN..."



"EVEN AFTER THE FAREWELL ON THE DOCKS, I SUSPECT THAT HIS IS ONE TRAP FROM WHICH I SHALL NEVER BE FREED."

I MUST GET TO BATTERY PARK BY NINE.

IT'S AFTER EIGHT NOW. WHY?

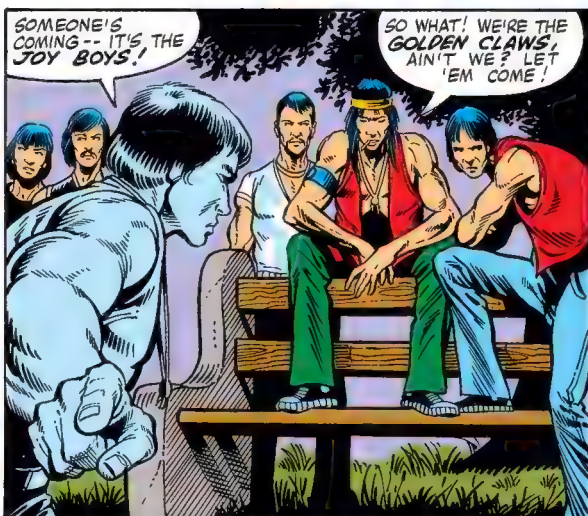
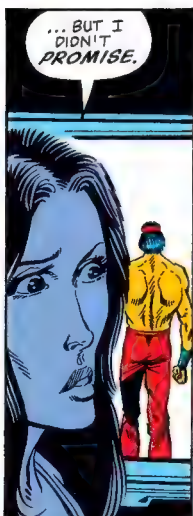
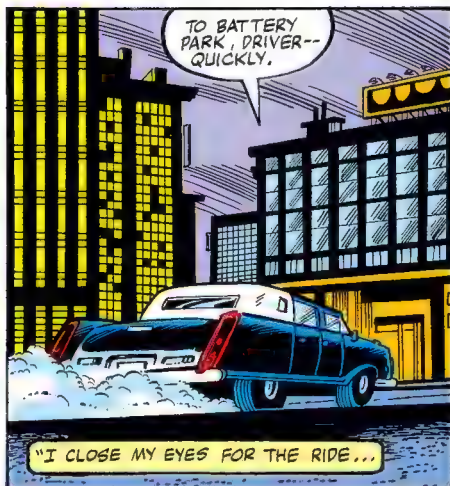
THE JOY BOYS ARE GOING TO ATTACK THE GOLDEN CLAWS--AND ONE OF THE JOY BOYS ESCAPED LAST NIGHT WITH A GUN.



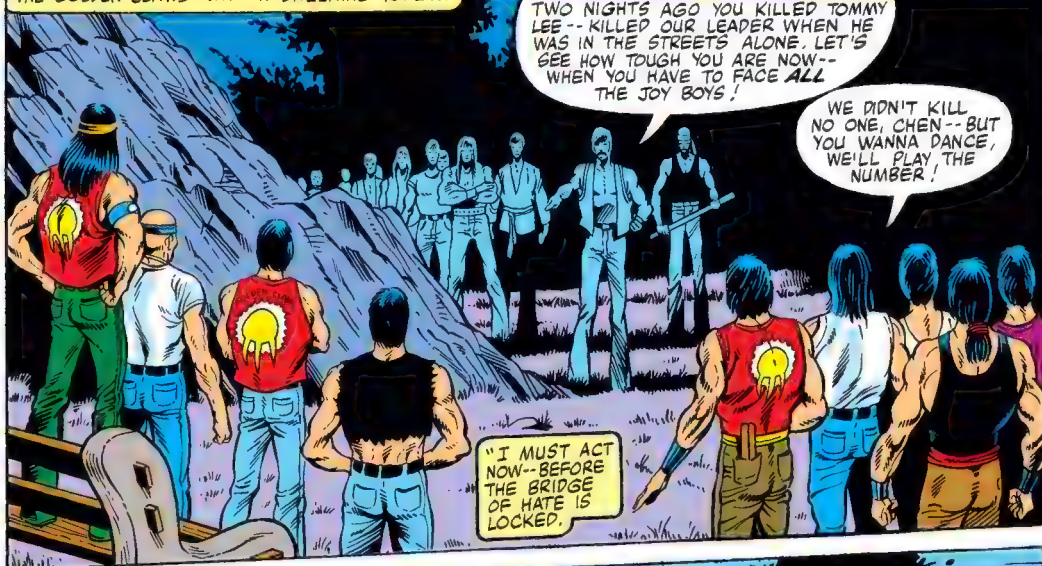
THEN WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT. I'LL GO BACK AND GET SOME--

NO POLICE, DAVID. AT THIS POINT, THEY WOULD ONLY ENSURE VIOLENCE. THE JOY BOYS WANT ME TO BE THEIR LEADER.

I MAY HAVE A CHANCE... ALONE.



"THE TWO GROUPS MEET, CAREFUL TO MAINTAIN A DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM -- BUT IT IS A SHORT DISTANCE THAT MAY BE BRIDGED ALL TOO QUICKLY. ACTING AS THE NEW LEADER OF THE JOY BOYS, CHEN ADDRESSES THE GOLDEN CLAWS WITH A SNEERING TONE..."



FIGHTING IS NOT THE WAY! **DEATH** IS NOT THE WAY! IT LEADS ONLY TO DARKNESS! THE VENGEANCE MUST STOP NOW! ONE DEATH, IN DARKNESS, LEADS ONLY TO ANOTHER -- LIKE ENDLESS WAVES IN THE SEA, ONE CRESTING ON ANOTHER, ONE LEADING INEVITABLY TO ANOTHER...



THEN PERHAPS I WAS WRONG. PERHAPS YOU DO **NOT** REVERE YOUR HERITAGE, BUT CONSIDER: PERHAPS **YOU** ARE ALSO WRONG. PERHAPS YOU **SHOULD** LOOK TO YOUR HERITAGE, HONOR THE TAO, THE CONCEPTS OF PEACE AND UNIVERSAL HARMONY--



STUFF IT! YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT US! THERE'S NO **PEACE** IN AMERICA, NO UNIVERSAL HARMONY IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK! YOU'RE FROM ENGLAND-- NOT EVEN AMERICAN, NOT EVEN CHINESE ANYMORE!



WAIT!
LISTEN
TO HIM!

"IT IS LEIKO-- AND DAVID--DISOBEYING MY--

I'M ALSO FROM ENGLAND-- BUT I'M **STILL** CHINESE. LIKE SHANG, I DON'T PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND ALL YOUR PROBLEMS, THE HOPELESSNESS AND DESPAIR YOU FEEL, THE LOSS OF DIGNITY CAUSED BY LIFE IN THE STREETS OR--



WE AIN'T LOST NOTHIN', CHICKEE! GO MAKE YOUR SPEECHES SOMEWHERE ELSE!

JUST **LISTEN** FOR A MINUTE! THIS IS MY BROTHER-- DAVID WU. HE'S THE CULTURAL ATTACHE FROM HONG KONG--

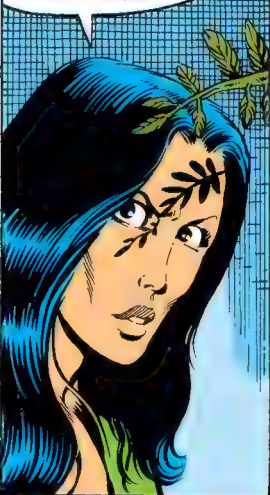
BIG DEAL. WE'RE REAL IMPRESSED.



HE'S UNCOVERED SOME FACTS ABOUT THE GANGS IN CHINATOWN, FACTS SOME OF YOU MAY BE UNAWARE OF--

SUCH AS--?

SUCH AS: YOU'RE BEING **USED**-- WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT, YOU'RE BEING MANIPULATED BY ADULT MOBSTERS! YOU'RE SIMPLE **PAWNS**--



--FALLING ON THE STREETS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER, WHILE THE **KINGS** OF CRIME-- THE LORDS OF DRUG TRAFFIC-- GROW RICHER AND FATTER ON YOUR BLOOD!



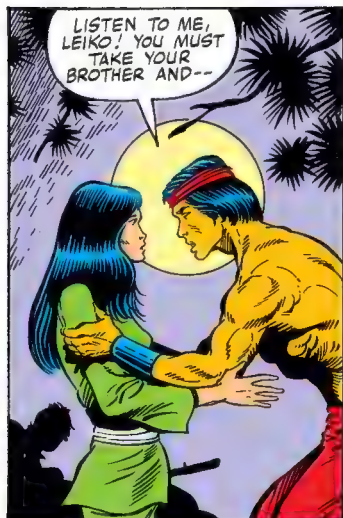
SO WHAT? EVEN IF IT WAS TRUE, IT'S STILL NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, CHICKEE! IF WE WANT TO--

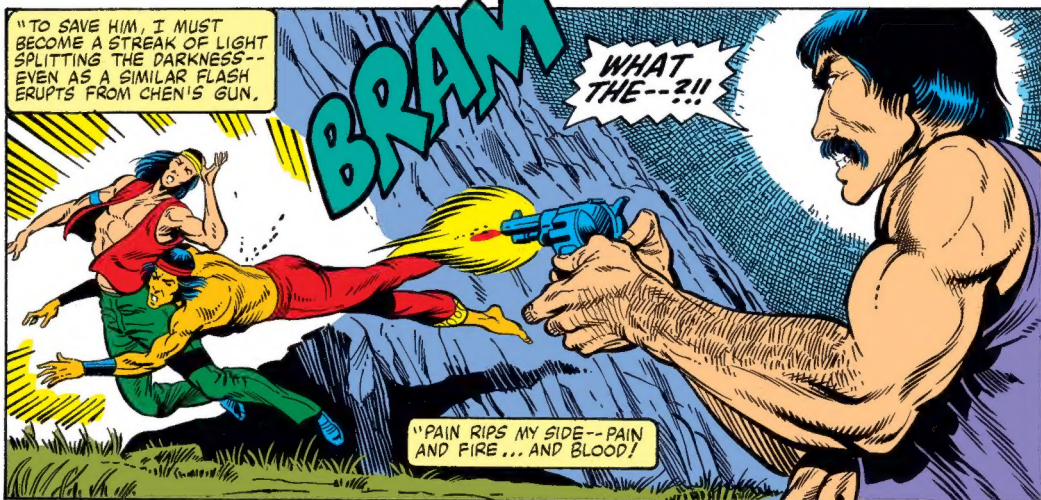
HOLD IT, CHEN-- I WANT TO HEAR MORE, SHE MIGHT KNOW--

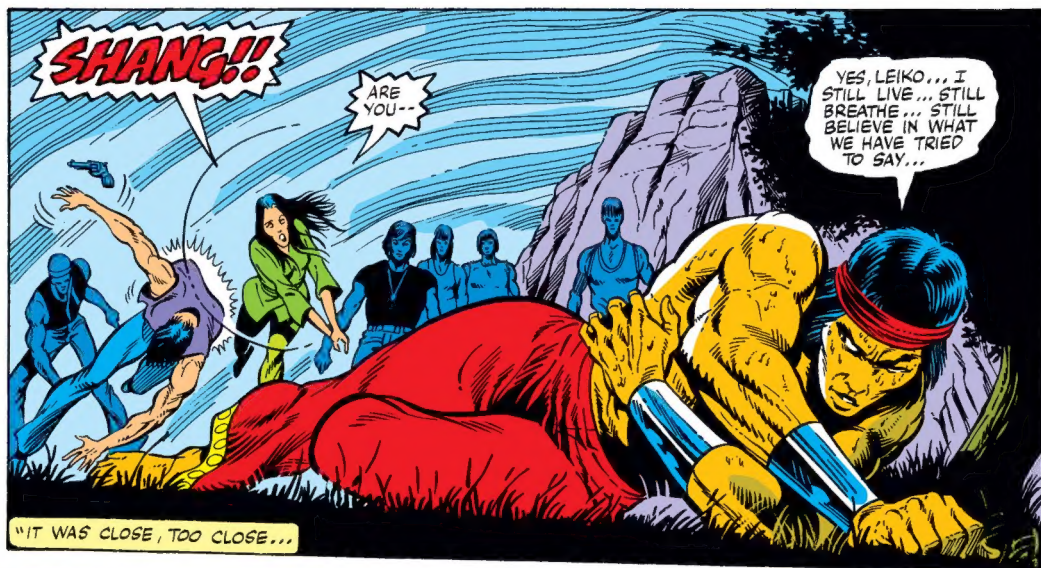
YOU STAY OUTTA THIS, DOME-- SHE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'!







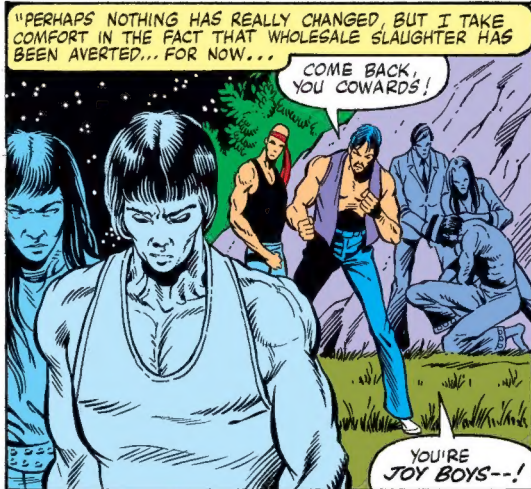






"THEY ARE SHAMED, BUT UNCOVERED... STILL HATING EACH OTHER WITH A HATE TRANSCENDING MERE MANIPULATION FOR DRUG TRADE."

"BUT... AT LAST... THEY TURN AWAY, FOR TONIGHT AT LEAST, THERE WILL BE AN UNEASY TRUCE."



"PERHAPS NOTHING HAS REALLY CHANGED, BUT I TAKE COMFORT IN THE FACT THAT WHOLESALÉ SLAUGHTER HAS BEEN AVERTED... FOR NOW..."

COME BACK, YOU COWARDS!

YOU'RE JOY BOYS--!



YOU CAN'T LEAVE NOW! COME BACK-- DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU CAN'T--

SHUT UP, CHEN! YOU'RE FINISHED.

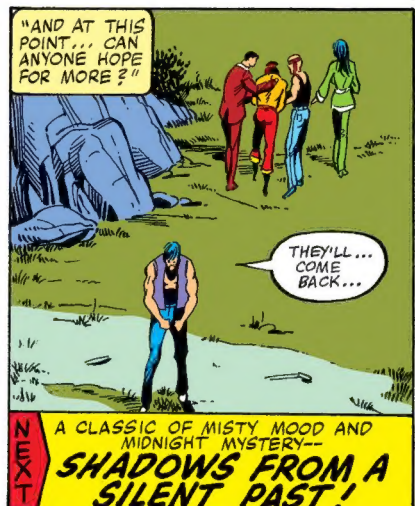


"BUT THE TRAP IS TOO STUBBORN TO PERMIT A FULL ESCAPE, THE HATE WILL CONTINUE. I CAN HOPE FOR NOTHING MORE THAN WHAT HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED THIS NIGHT..."

THEY'LL COME BACK-- YOU'LL SEE.



"LIFE, AT LEAST, GOES ON..."



"AND AT THIS POINT... CAN ANYONE HOPE FOR MORE?"

THEY'LL... COME BACK...

NEXT
A CLASSIC OF MISTY MOOD AND MIDNIGHT MYSTERY--
SHADOWS FROM A SILENT PAST!

A TRAVAIL OF TWO CITIES

Dear Doug and Mike:

MASTER OF KUNG FU is an extremely enjoyable comic-book. The current storyline is an exciting and intriguing one, and the characters are, as usual, well depicted. The standard of writing and artwork is very high. And I particularly like the fact that the series is set in Great Britain...

But it's a very *different* Britain to the one I live in! I've seen Marvel's version of the U.K. in many titles, from CAPTAIN BRITAIN to THE INVADERS... and I just wish you could get some of the details correct. Right now I'm looking at MOKF #81 — "Breathless" — and on the splash page I see a car with left-hand steering and an impossible registration plate. And page 3: Reston's line, "Jacket set me back ninety bob." It's been so long (nine years) since we converted to decimal coinage that I had to pause to work out the figures! And four and a half pounds is not a reasonable price — Britain isn't *that* cheap! Forty-five pounds, I'd believe.

Page 7: British telephone kiosks are of two designs; the one here is of a third, unknown to me. Page 11: The "London Museum"; surely you mean the *British* Museum?

Maybe this sounds like nitpicking, but I could go on and on. Victoria Station has changed an awful lot between MOKF #80 and the last time I was there, a month ago. The cover of #81 shows Big Ben in the wrong place; it should be on the other side of the bridge. And you can't have car chases and shootouts in the middle of London — it's too crowded.

Now I realize you're working to a schedule and can't do a lot of research, but although any one or two of these mistakes would be quite forgivable, together they're just too much! I've lived in London and frankly wouldn't recognize the place as shown in MOKF if I weren't told.

The really annoying thing, though, is that this spoils my complete enjoyment of what is otherwise a very fine book.

Andy Gilham
White Roding; Dunmow
Essex CM6 1RJ United Kingdom

Dear Doug & Co.,

What can I say? You just keep on turning out one spell-binding mystery after another! Everything about this book is superb, except for one minor quibble...

The fact that the strip is set in or centered around the U.K. both appeals to and appalls me. The England you depict has about as much reference to the real place as New York does to the Emerald City in Oz. Oh, I can forgive you moving Bityoo Books some 40-odd miles from the countryside to the heart of London; after all, what's a free plug between friends? I might even be able to overlook the American style telephone box that turned up in #78, though I can't see why you don't get the Marvel U.K. office to send you some reference photos. English phone-boxes are big and red and you can stand in them with ease (with all the rain we get, it's a necessity), and if I ever see another one of those stupid trashcan style mailboxes in place of our beautiful five-foot high round red "pillar-boxes," I shall scream.

However, all the foregoing is as nothing compared to the way you continually refer to the MI-6 office being in Whitechapel. *All* government offices are in *Whitehall*! — near the houses of Parliament. Whitechapel is out near the East-end, dockland, where the *real* Cockneys come from! Still, being a card-carrying Marvelite, I believe I can get you out of this terrible mistake. The old prewar district of Limehouse — the "Chinatown" of Sax Rohmer — was in the East-end, so it's possible that MI-6 would set up a "Fu Manchu Office" in the heart of the war zone. This must be the office Petrie refers to as being in Whitechapel (now no longer known as Limehouse), whereas MI-6 HQ must be in Whitehall, especially as you've shown Shang-Chi in the shadow of Parliament as he enters MI-6.

Finally, if you can't find any reference on your own, let me know. I'll do what I can to make such an excellent book even better.

Dean Smith
39 Upland Avenue; Chesham
Bucks HP5 ZEB England

Okay, guys, you've nailed us and we admit it. We've been grossly wrong many a time in our depictions of London/British landmarks, arcana, and even everyday life artifacts. There are indeed a multitude of discrepancies, both large and small, between your *real* London and Shang-Chi's *mythic* London. But believe it or not (and setting bone-headed mistakes such as American mailboxes aside), that's just the way Doug and Mike — and, er, think, the majority of *American* readers — prefer it to be. And no, we're not being cavalier about our genuine mistakes; we're simply trying to justify the "incorrect" essence of our version of London.

To you, Andy and Dean, London is home, familiar reality, objectively exciting and, perhaps on occasion, objectively drab and dreary. But to most *American* readers, London is a *subjective* experience, a Faraway Place steeped in the richly evocative lore and trappings of Robin Hood, Oliver Twist, Sherlock Holmes, Jack the Ripper, Oscar Wilde, James Bond, the Rolling Stones, and kings and queens. When we think of London we conjure romantic images of cobbled streets, hansom cabs, gaslights, atmospheric fog, appealingly "foreign" accents and attitudes, stone lions, stiff upper lips, Big Ben, Tower Bridge (which we tend to erroneously call *London* Bridge), fish & chips, Boar's Head Pubs, ale, mini-skirts, spiffy MGs and Aston-Martins, and so on down the Anglo cultural line. The fundamental similarities shared by the British and the Americans only serve to render the differences in detail all the more tantalizing. (Doug's early childhood memories of Scotland, for example, conjure a Never-Neverland of Fantasy rather than an actual foreign country; how could it have been foreign when everyone spoke English with but a slight difference?)

So, to you London is understandably and naturally a familiar place where reality cannot be easily warped. But to us, London is a fabulously mysterious realm where the familiar provides rich loam for the imagination.

London is more, much more, of course, than the above string of archetypes and benign stereotypes. We're *aware* of this — just as you're aware that Chicago is comprised of much more than Al Capone, bootleggers, Saint Valentine's Day massacres, the birthplace of the Atom Bomb, Lake Shore Drive, a Picasso Statue, stockyards, Water Tower, rhythm & blues music, and the skullbusting Democratic Convention of '68 — but sometimes we wish we *weren't* aware of the reality. The imagination is always a better substitute.

However, lest you think our various toyings with reality are exclusively reserved for foreign locales, we hasten to point out that Marvel's home turf — the real Manhattan — is hardly the same "Manhattan" portrayed in so many of the "Marvel Universe" titles. Sure, we strive to maintain surface similarities (both Manhattans, for example, lay claim to Statues of Liberty, Empire State Buildings, and wiseacre kamikaze cab drivers), as well as an underlying and overriding *gestalt* similarity at the very heart of both Manhattans. And for good reason: Myth-Realms, whether "London," "Manhattan," or Ka-Zar's Savage Land, evince more impact when rooted in a basic foundation of reality. Beyond that, however, the battlercy at Marvel has been and will remain: *Anything Goes!*

In conclusion, then: Many of our London gaffes are gross and unintentional; these we will certainly attempt to correct in the future. (And yes, Dean, Doug and Mike would appreciate any reference you can provide.) But our other departures from reality are deliberate extensions of the imagination. We ask only that you indulge us to a certain degree (as Manhattanites do)... and hope that you enjoy our monthly tour through a new realm of ancient inspiration.